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For the Belfast Monthly Magazine.

WE willingly lend our aid to the more generally diffusing of the following cautions recommended by the physicians and surgeons of the Bath Hospital, to plumbers, painters, glaziers, and other artificers, who are exposed to the action of the poison of lead.

We earnestly recommend these cautions to workmen engaged in such trades. A little caution may prevent disease and much consequent suffering.

To maintain the strictest temperance particularly respecting distilled spirits, which had better be altogether forborne—to pay the strictest attention to cleanliness, and never, when it can be avoided, to daub their hands with paint, and particularly never to eat their meat, or go to rest, without washing their hands and face. Not to eat or drink in the room or place wherein they work, and much less to suffer any food or drink to remain exposed to the fumes or dust of the metal in the workshops or warehouses. As the clothes of persons in this line (painters particularly) are generally observed to be much soiled with the colours they use, it is recommended to them to perform their work in frocks of ticken which may be frequently washed, and conveniently laid aside when the workmen go to their meals; and again put on when they resume their work. Every business which can, in these branches, should be performed with gloves on the hands, and woollen or worsted gloves are recommended; as they may be often washed, as they should always be after being soiled with paint, or even by rubbing against the metal.—Caution is necessary in mixing, or even in unpacking the dry colours, that the fine powder does not get into the nostrils, or be drawn in by the breath. A crape covering over the face might be of service; but care should be taken to turn always the same side towards the face, and to clean or wash it frequently. All artificers should avoid touching lead when hot, and this caution is especially necessary for printers and compositors who have often lost the use of their limbs by handling the types when drying by the fire after being washed. Glazier's putty should never be made or moulded by the hand. An iron pestle and mortar would work the ingredients together, at least equally well, and without hazard.—If any person in any of the above employments, should feel pain in the bowels, with costiveness, they should immediately take twenty drops of laudanum, and when the pain is abated, two table spoonfuls of castor oil, or an ounce of the bitter purging salt, dissolved in warm cammomile tea. If this does not succeed, a pint or two pints of warm soap-suds should be thrown up as a clyster.—As a preventative, two or three tea spoonfuls of salad oil, taken in a small cup of gruel, are likely to be of service, if taken daily, and steadily pursued.

To the Editor of the Belfast Magazine.

THE happiness to be derived from a country life, and rural occupations, has deservedly employed the pen, both of the poet and the philosopher, and has been acknowledged in all ages. It must, however, be confessed, that to some the town has likewise its attractions. To these people, who find in the bustle and confusion of business or amusement, a thousand sources of pleasure, the solitude of the country would appear intolerable. Yet when we draw a fair comparison between the two ways of life, we cannot but be astonished, that so many should prefer the tumults of the city, to the calm and genuine pleasures of a country life.

When we are stunned by the discordant tones of criers, the jingling of carts, and the deafening noise of drums and trumpets, the heart pants for the calm quiet of retirement. The man of sensibility and reflection, disgusted with such tumultuous scenes, longs to fly from them, and to bury himself in the deepest recesses of some dark and silent glen, to throw himself on the banks of a winding rivulet, and listen to its gurgling sounds as it murmurs slowly along. The rugged mountains rising to immense heights, and in a thousand different shapes on every side, fill the mind with sublime

and pleasing ideas and reflections. In such sequestered scenes, the purest pleasures are to be found, pleasures which kings and courtiers never experience, surrounded by crouds of sycophants, and in possession of all that power can bestow. Here the mind unbends itself, and awakened to the finer feelings which a view of the works of nature excites, forgets for a moment all those projects of ambition, and those desires that render mankind unhappy. In retirement alone can we experience those delicious sensations which form the purest sources of delight to a warm imagination.

In the busy scenes of the world, the softer feelings of nature become blunted, by being suppressed when interest or pleasure comes in competition. The mind, accustomed to deceit and falsehood, becomes distrustful; and is no longer capable of receiving the warm impression of any noble sentiment, which too much commerce with the world destroys. In the calm retirement of a country life, we behold man in a different light and with more pleasing sensations. Undisturbed by those jarring passions and that unsatisfied ambition, which never fail to bring misery and disappointment in their train, he employs his time and talents in pursuits gratifying to himself, and useful to his country. I wish, however, to observe, that it is only the man of true wisdom, and who knows how to place a right value on the gifts and the enjoyment of nature, that can feel the degree of pure happiness to be experienced in retirement from the bustle of life. The wretch who sacrifices every thing great and honourable to interest or passion, dead to the noblest feelings of humanity, can never receive delight from the sublime and innocent emotions excited by nature's works. Happy is he who can look with a philosophical contempt on the vain and childish pursuits which engross the bulk of mankind, and who living to nature alone, knows how to relish her simple gifts.

"Oh! knew he but his happiness, of men
The happiest he, who far from public rage,
With a choice few retired,
Drinks the pure pleasures of the rural life."

For the Belfast Monthly Magazine.

MR. EDITOR,

I AM a subscriber to your useful and entertaining Magazine, and request a spare corner for the few following lines. On looking over No. 6th, I saw some extracts from the Hibernian Bible Society, also an account of a letter from a clergyman in a populous part of the north of Ireland, stating that in his neighbourhood the bible "could not be procured for any money"!!! I would ask this clergyman in what part of the north of Ireland he lives: I have been through all the counties in the province of Ulster, and was led to think the communications with Belfast, Newry, Coleraine, and Derry, extended through the northern districts. In all these and most other inland towns in Ulster, there are respectable booksellers, who import and sell the scriptures at a fair value. I have no doubt of the purity and laudable designs of the society, but I would beg leave to drop a hint or two on the subject.

I live in a populous part of the north of Ireland, also where a number of very poor families are; so soon as our good clergyman proposed the plan of raising money for purchasing the scriptures for the poor, I was anxious to contribute my mite and encourage others, but I confess after the books arrived, and our clergyman appointed a day for giving them out, I was much disappointed. Instead of seeing the poor supplied, few but the wealthy were receiving any; the reason was, that the very poor went to receive them gratis; and although reduced one eighth, one fourth, or as some say, one half, yet even this they were unable to pay. Is this the design of the society? Would it not answer a better end that in each congregation, or district, a few people be appointed to inquire who are unable to purchase, and let them have the scriptures gratis; and the second class be allowed to purchase at a reduced price: and if the clergymen are become retailers, let them take a fair price, so that the fair dealer may not be injured, but have an equal chance for his share, &c. as I assure you Mr. Editor, I have known